

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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VOL. XI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882.

NO. 4.

GRAND ARMY FAIR

FRANCIS GOULD POST 36

Will hold a fair to raise needed money for a

CHARITY FUND.

It will be held in

Town Hall, Arlington,

Feb. 27th & 28th,

— AND —

March 1st.

CONTRIBUTIONS

— OF —

Vegetables and Fruit, Coal and Wood, Useful and Fancy Articles,

Or any thing that will sell,

SOLICITED FOR THE FAIR.

JAMES A. MARDEN, CHAIRMAN.

J. A. Blanchard, Sec.

ARLINGTON Miniature Directory, 1882.

CONVEYANCES.

MIDDLESEX CENTRAL BRANCH RAILROAD. Trains leave Arlington for Boston at 6.10, 6.24, 7.00, 7.25, 7.58, 8.18, 9.27, 10.48, a.m., 1.20, 3.35, 4.37, 5.20, 6.35, 6.50, 7.32, 7.50, 8.10, p.m.

Trains leave Boston for Arlington at 6.38, 7.05, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 2.40, 4.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 7.50, 8.20, 8.45, 9.10, p.m.

Cars leave Arlington Heights Station 7 minutes earlier or later than time given above. Brattle and Lake St. are flag stations only.

Wednesdays excepted. UNION HORSE RAILROAD.

Horse cars leave Arlington at 5 minutes past every hour to 10.05, p.m.; leave Bowdoin Square, Boston, 10 minutes past every hour, to 11.10, p.m.

Sundays, every half hour, instead of hourly.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mail arrives. Mail closes. 7.50, 4. m. 9.00, a.m. 1.00, p.m. 6.00, p.m.

Western Union Telegraph at the Post Office. F. E. Fowle, Post Master.

At Arlington Heights, morning mail opens at 8.00; closes at 9.00. Evening mail opens at 5.00; closes at 6.10.

E. B. Bailey, Post Master.

TOUR OFFICES.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Henry Mott, Wm. H. Allen, James A. Bailey.

Keeper of the Almshouse, G. W. Austin.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and all other—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School committee—John H. Hardy, chair-

man; C. E. Goodwin, member; William A. White, William H. Allen, member; W.

Franklin, Clerk of the Committee.

Antislavery Soc. Club. Meets at hotel house, foot of Brattle St., and Roxbury in each month. Walter Storer, President. George M. Day, Treasurer. W. L. Hale, Secretary.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meets in Hibernian Hall the first and third Thursdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, President. Charles T. Scannell, Treasurer. Matthew Rowe.

Catholic A. & B. Society. Meets in St. Malachy's church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, President. Somers, John H. Byron, Treasurer. Michael J. O'Leary.

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THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Prevention and Treatment of Milk Fever. One of the best methods of preventing milk fever is to feed the cow several weeks to several months before calving—according to its danger—if in winter, on ordinary dry hay only, with a quart or so of wheat bran, night and morning, to keep the bowels open; if in summer, let her run on a poor pasture, and at all times have a large lump of Liverpool rock salt to lick at pleasure. If the cow has been dried off a couple of months before due to calve, watch the approach to parturition, and if the bag shows extra full, then begin to draw a small quantity of milk from it two weeks or less before her time, and increase this, according to the fullness of the bag, till the calf is dropped; then milk her clean after the calf has suckled, at three equal intervals in every twenty-four hours. In the meanwhile do not increase her feed for a month or more, till all danger of fever is passed. If the cow has continued to give milk up to within a few days of the time for her to calve, as is sometimes the case, then perhaps it will not be necessary to milk her till after calving. Keep her dry and sheltered from storms and from excessive cold or heat. See that the water she drinks is pure, and that she has all she wishes to take at least three times per day. Never let this water get icy cold, and after calving give it slightly warm for a few days. As soon as affected, if not already in a comfortable stable, put the cow into one, litter the floor well, and always keep this dry and clean. One of the most simple and effectual prescriptions for this disease is half a pound of Epsom salts dissolved in three or four quarts of warm water mixed with two tablespoonsfuls of sweet spirits of nitre. Wet up a small feed of wheat bran with this. If the cow will not take it so, then put the salts and nitre solution into a strong-necked bottle, raise up the head and pour it down the throat. Repeat this every morning till cured. This simple remedy rarely fails, even in the worst cases, if all the above directions are carefully followed. Rub the bag with lard, mixed with the last stripings, every time the cow is milked. This renders the bag soft and pliable and prevents the milk from caking in it.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep sheep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them.

Young cows do not give as rich milk as those do of mature age. A lean cow gives poor milk and a fat one rich milk.

Grass grown on manured land gives a more nutritive fodder, richer (especially in albuminoids) than that grown upon unmanured or poorly manured land. The difference is sometimes as great as ten per cent.

A heifer coming in at two years old is the best time for developing her future milking qualities. Comfortable quarters, generous feed, regularity in feeding and kind treatment will do much, however, in rearing a fine milker.

The Gardener's Monthly says that in England apples are dried whole. They seem to be first pared and then placed under pressure, as they are always much depressed. A kind named Norfolk Beating seems almost wholly used for this purpose.

An Ohio farmer wants to know what per cent. of grain is lost by the process of threshing, and suggest that farmers see that their straw and chaff piles are run through the machine a second time, and note the result. He believes that, so far as his knowledge extends, enough is wasted to pay the threshing bill.

The Asiatic breeds, such as the Brahmas and Cochins, if overfed with rich grain and succulent roots will soon become too fat to be serviceable as layers. Fowls need to be well fed in cold weather, but great care must be exercised with the breeding stock in particular, as if they become too fat their eggs are often infertile. Allow plenty of green chopped vegetables, such as onions, cabbages and turnips.

Mammals the land heavy enough to make it loose, and plant for several years crops that could be cultivated throughout the season; or, what is still better, grow two crops the same year, and keep them well cultivated throughout the season. Couch grass can be easily killed by hoeing it once or twice the last of July and first of August with a sharp hoe, cutting the grass an inch below the surface of the ground.

The complicated character of theudder with its thousands of little reservoirs renders it necessary to observe great care in drying off the cows in the fall. If milk is left in the udder the absorbents will readily remove the watery portion, but the chyme material is removed with difficulty and is liable to remain and inflame the udder, possibly destroy a portion. Every particle of milk should be drawn occasionally till the cow is dry.

As to the five-wire fence, a short time ago I was driving some hogs, and, though the hogs made them squeal, they did the same thing again and again, and they were not pigs either, but hogs that would weigh over 300 pounds. Another objection to barbed-wire is that horses and cattle in passing along or standing near, especially in "fly time," often switch in that direction, and often stay switched.

A farm can be stocked with sheep cheaper than with any other animals. Sheep will come nearer to utilizing everything which grows on a farm. Less labor will be required for getting feed and stock together. The returns will come in sooner and oftener than with any farm stock except hogs. Less money is required for shelter and fencing, and less labor is required for herding, when outside pasture is accessible and preferred. And finally, a handsome income on the investment can be had without the sale of the animals themselves.

Books.

King George's Fortune.—One pint

of breadcrumbs, half-pint of flour, teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk; one egg; tie tightly in a bag and boil three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

FISHBALLS.—To make fishballs, cut up fish codfish in small bits, take care to remove every piece of bone; let it soak in cold water for an hour; rinse it in another water; let it cook slowly for twenty-five minutes; season with milk, butter and eggs; mix with this about double the quantity of boiled potatoes; add milk or cream to give the desired amount of moisture; shape in round cakes, roll in flour, and fry until brown in hot lard. If the lard is not hot when they are put in they will soak up the fat and will be unpalatable.

IRISH STREW.—About two pounds of the neck of mutton, four onions, six large potatoes, salt, pepper, three pints of water and two tablespoonsfuls of flour. Cut the mutton in handsome pieces. Put about half the fat in the stewpan with the onions, and stir for eight or ten minutes over a hot fire, then put in the meat, which sprinkle with the flour, salt and pepper. Stir ten minutes, and add the water, boiling. Set for one hour where it will simmer; then add the potatoes peeled and cut in quarters. Simmer an hour longer and serve. You can cook dumplings with this dish if you choose. They are a great addition to all kinds of stews and ragouts.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Make a cake with a cup of sugar, cup sweet milk, a well-beaten egg, a piece of butter size of an egg, little salt, two teaspoonsfuls cream-tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cupfuls of flour. Beat all together several minutes, and pour the batter, half an inch thick, into a common, long, square-cornered tin. The remainder of the cake will make a small Washington pie. Bake quickly. Make a soft boiled custard by heating four cupfuls of milk in a pan set in a kettle of hot water; when scalding hot, pour a cupful on to three eggs, beaten with a cupful and a half of sugar, and three teaspoonsfuls of corn starch; then pour all together, and cook till it begins to thicken, and pour through a tin strainer and flavor with lemon. Lay your cake, cut in small squares, on a platter; sift over powdered sugar, and put a slice of jelly on each piece. Serve by filling a saucer half full of custard and laying on a slice of the cake.

Meat Versus Vegetable Diet.

The most plausible argument we have seen offered against the vegetarians for some time is contained in a recent number of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*. It relates experiments of Professor Hoffmann which tend to show that a far greater proportion of a meat diet is assimilated than of vegetable diet. The most plausible argument we have seen offered against the vegetarians for some time is contained in a recent number of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*. It relates experiments of Professor Hoffmann which tend to show that a far greater proportion of a meat diet is assimilated than of vegetable diet. The most plausible argument we have seen offered against the vegetarians for some time is contained in a recent number of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*. It relates experiments of Professor Hoffmann which tend to show that a far greater proportion of a meat diet is assimilated than of vegetable diet. 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Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Saturday, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.

Arlington, January 28, 1882.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line,	25 cents.
Special Notices, "	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

MORE KIND WORDS.

The expressions of appreciation of our efforts to produce an excellent paper continue to come to us from our brothers of the press of this section, and are very gratifying.

By some means we forgot, last week, to notice the improvement in the *Arlington Advocate*. As we glanced at its length and breadth, this week, we were surprised and pleased at the rapid strides which Brother Parker is making. To add a column to a page and increase the length of the columns is an indication of prosperity. But to double the size of the *Advocate*, which has been done, is something remarkable, especially for a town with a small population like Arlington. We wish the publisher success, and hope he may reap the reward of his enterprise.—*Cambridge Press*.

The *Arlington Advocate* has doubled its size and has added largely to its general excellence. It is a good example of what a local newspaper may be made, even under the very shadow of metropolitan dailies. The *Advocate* is worth much to a thriving suburban town like Arlington, and it should receive cordial and liberal support.—*Lowell Daily Journal*.

GUILTY:

The most remarkable trial of the century is ended, and Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield is pronounced guilty by the jury before whom he has been tried. Every law point that could be raised in his favor was allowed by the court. His counsel was given every opportunity to bring witnesses and to appeal to public opinion in behalf of their client. The assassin himself was given the most extraordinary latitude in court; his blasphemous utterances, his abuse of court and counsel were tolerated, and he was even permitted to write out and publish the most virulent attacks on the government attorneys with a view to creating a public sympathy for his claims to inspiration and insanity. No protection that the law could throw around any man on trial for his life was denied him.

The remarkable trial began Monday, Nov. 14, and concluded with the verdict of guilty Jan. 25—a period of seventy-three days. From the first the prisoner was insolent, and when he learned that the court would not undertake to check his interruptions he became more and more violent. The counsel for the Government were District Attorney Corkhill and Messrs. Davidge and Porter. Mr. Scoville was the chief counsel for the defence, but was assisted by Mr. Reed of Chicago. The first act of the defence was to get rid of Mr. Robinson, who has been assigned to the case by Judge Cox. Nearly four days were taken to secure a jury. The names of the jurors are as follows: John P. Harlin, F. W. Bradbury, C. G. Stewart, H. J. Bright, T. H. Langley, Michael Sheehan, S. F. Hobbe, G. W. Gates, Ralph Wormley, W. H. Browner, T. Heinlein, Joseph Prather. The case was opened the fourth day by District Attorney Corkhill. The prosecution called witnesses to prove the fact of murder, Mr. Blaine being the first witness. Saturday, November 19, an attempt was made to shoot the prisoner while being taken from the court house to jail. November 21 (Monday), the Government closed its case, and Mr. Scoville opened the defence, continuing until last Wednesday. He attempted to prove the prisoner to be insane, calling a number of witnesses who knew the career of the man. Nov. 29, Guiteau was put upon the stand to tell his story, after which Judge Porter cross-examined him two days. December 6, the testimony of the defence was concluded, and the next day the rebuttal of the Government began, its design being to show that the claim of insanity was groundless. A large number of experts were examined, and other witnesses, to prove the vicious character of the accused. December 28 Mr. Reed was admitted to participate in the defence. December 28 Guiteau was placed in the dock on the demand of the prosecution. January 4 the Government's testimony was finished. The defence asked permission to introduce evidence in our rebuttal, but was refused. The same day the Government asked the Judge to decide certain points respecting the responsibility of the prisoner, and the defence raised the question of the jurisdiction of the Court. These questions were argued at length, January 11, Judge Cox rendered a decision claiming jurisdiction and favorable to the Government on the question raised, relative to the responsibility of the accused. January 12 Mr. Davidge began his argument for

the prosecution, and occupied two-and-a-half days. Mr. Scoville followed, taking nearly five days. Guiteau was permitted to address the jury last Saturday. Judge Porter spoke for the prosecution Monday, Tuesday and a part of Wednesday. Judge Cox delivered his charge to the jury, occupying an hour and a half. The jury was out about an hour, and brought in a verdict of guilty. It agreed upon a verdict in ten minutes.

Keeping the Sabbath.

Prowling among the records, papers and other matters connected with the army during the momentous years of 1860-65, a Lexington officer recently came across the following order from Gen. McClellan, in regard to observing the Sabbath, and sends it to us for publication:

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 7.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac, WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1861.

The Major-general Commanding desires and requests that in future there may be more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commanded to commanding officers, that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, so far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General Commanding regards this as no idle form; one day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals: more than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of bairds is our sacred duty.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-general Commanding
Official: A. V. COLBURN, Ass't Adj. Gen.

We supplement the above with the well remembered order of Gen. Washington to the Continental army, issued Aug. 3, 1776:—

"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duties on Sundays, except at the shipyards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."—Sparks' Writings of Washington, Vol. IV p. 28.

Speaking of the assassin Guiteau and his speech prepared for delivery to the jury in his trial, the *Lowell Journal* remarks that it is clear that he stood absolutely alone in his crime. The most searching inquiry has failed to find any connection between him and any other human being in regard to it. It was his theory, and his alone, that it was necessary to kill the President to unite the Republican party, and to save the country. That he honestly believed this, there is no room for doubt. That he should suffer the penalty is almost the universal belief, though cranks and foolish jokers have endeavored to make him believe that there is a public sentiment which sustains his act. He was not on the second of July, or at any other moment "since he was born," "perfectly sane man." But he was sufficiently sane to be held responsible for crime, and safety to society, justice to the murderer, and the law of the land combine to demand that he be punished as other murderers are punished.

SKETCH OF THE ARLINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Dr. Ebenezer Learned, of Hopkinton, N.H., and formerly a school-teacher in West Cambridge, now Arlington, died in 1835, bequeathing by his will to the town \$100 "for the purpose of establishing a juvenile library." At a town meeting held on Nov. 9, 1835, it was voted that the legacy be accepted. This was the first step towards the formation of what is now the Arlington Public Library.

The will of Dr. Learned provided that "the selectmen, ministers of the Gospel, and physicians of West Cambridge (for the town of Arlington had not yet been incorporated), for the time being shall receive this sum, select and purchase the books for the library—which shall be such books as in their opinion will best promote useful knowledge and the Christian virtues among the inhabitants of said town, who are scholars, or by usage have a right to attend as scholars in their primary schools. Other persons may be admitted to the privileges of said library, under the direction of said town, by paying a sum for membership, and an annual tax for the increase of the same. And my said executors are directed to pay the same within one year after my decease."

When the library was first established it was located in the house now occupied by T. P. Pierce, Esq. The house was then owned by Mr. J. M. Dexter, who used to keep a hat store on the premises, and his daughter acted as librarian.

When Mr. Dexter moved away from town in 1838, the library was transferred to the old Adams house, which then stood near the site of the present Centre Depot. In the year of 1840 the Unitarian Society rebuilt their church on its present site, and the library was moved into the basement of this meeting-house, where it remained till its final change to the town hall building, about 1853. While in the town building the library also underwent several changes. It was first located in the ante-room now used as a kitchen, then it was moved into the room now used by the school committee, and finally into its present quarters.

In 1853 the juvenile library received another donation of \$100, by the will of Dr. Timothy Wellington. Up to this period, and for some time after, the library was supported by an annual appropriation from the town, the sum generally amounting to \$100 each year, which annual appropriation was made by the town in conformity with Dr. Learned's will that all the citizens might receive the benefits of the library. An article appeared in the warrant for a town meeting March 4, 1872, "to see if the town will vote to establish a public library, and make provisions for a transfer of the juvenile library to the same." At the town meeting held on this date it was voted that the town establish a public library, and that the juvenile library be transferred to the same, the library to be called the Arlington Public Library.

In 1875 the library was further endowed by the will of Nathan Pratt, who left \$10,000, the income of which, each year, was to be used for the increase and maintenance of the library. This donation was accepted at a town meeting held April 9, 1875. After this endowment the town ceased to appropriate money regularly for the carrying on of the library, relying almost entirely on the income of the Pratt fund for its maintenance. The dog tax, however, has been each year appropriated to the needs of the library. Mr. Pratt, who left this generous sum, was a wealthy townsmen, and at the time of his death, which we believe occurred in the summer of 1873 was one of the proprietors of the American Powder Company of Acton, Mass., which is still in existence. It was in this business that he accumulated his great wealth. He used to live where Mr. E. C. Turner now does. As we have before stated, the income on the \$10,000 was to be applied each year to the needs of the library, which was to continue until the town shall see fit to use the capital in erecting a new library building, which can be done at any time the town may desire it. Besides endowing the public library, Mr. Pratt left \$10,000 to be used in furnishing a new High School house with books, engravings, etc., and also left \$6,000 to go toward the Poor Widows' Fund.

At a town meeting held March 13, 1877, a committee was appointed "to make rules for the management of the library." This committee, which consisted of Messrs. W. E. Parmenter, R. L. Hodgdon and John H. Hardy, reported at the next annual town meeting, March 14, 1878. They recommended the adoption of an order placing the library under the management of a board of three trustees, one to be elected by ballot in each year at the annual meeting in March, one to serve for a term of one year, another for two years, and the third for three years.

The town voted to adopt this order, and the first board of trustees consisted of R. L. Hodgdon for three years; J. H. Hardy for two years; J. T. Trowbridge for one year. Up to the time of the adoption of this order the library had been governed as provided in Dr. Learned's will—by the "selectmen, ministers of the Gospel, and physicians."

We now come down to the present time, and find from the germ first planted away back in 1835, has grown what is now the flourishing Arlington Public Library. A few statistics in regard to this institution may not be amiss.

We learn from the town report for 1880, that the whole amount of the appropriation for the library for that year, including the Pratt income, interest on the Wellington fund, dog tax, and the unexpended balance the year previous, was \$1,588.60.

The amount expended during the year was \$1,896.99, leaving a balance of \$191.61 to go on to the 1881 account.

From the latest computation the library contains 7,497 volumes, an increase since July 1880, of 659 volumes. The number of registered subscribers is at present 1,581, 249 more than in the report of 1880. In the annual report of the trustees for 1880, occur the following statements and suggestions.

Book-cases have been added as they have been required by new books, until but little room remains for further additions in our present quarters. This fact must soon become one of pressing importance to the town. Not only more liberal space for books will soon be required, but at the same time the establishment of a reading-room cannot be strongly recommended, too or nearly provided for. The present usefulness of the library would be greatly

enhanced by such an addition, and it is believed that in no other way could so much be done for the moral and social welfare of the young people of this community."

We think the suggestions advanced are timely and wise, and the town will do well to take the matter of enlarging the library quarters and establishing a reading-room into consideration, at the annual meeting in March.—*Tribune, Cambridge*.

Uncollected Letters.

List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Arlington, for the week ended January 21.

Leday, Mrs. A. D.
Nisbet, Mrs. N. J.
Peanie, Anetta
Smith, Henry G.

52 This age is one of marvelous advance. The discovery of new adaptations of electrical forces in the next ten years will astonish the world. Intelligent and skilled Attorneys are essential in securing Patents for Inventors. Communicate with Presby & Green, 529 1/2 St., Washington, D.C.

ANNOYANCE AVOIDED. Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

Send your orders for job printing to this office.

LIVING WITNESSES. Two hundreds of hearty and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from, heads of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all druggists

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

Wonderful Surgical Operation—Removal of Urinary Stones from the Bladder—Successful.

Mr. Simeon Tietell, of Saugerties, N.Y., had been treated for seven years by various physicians for what they call Stricture of the Urethra, without benefit. He finally consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N.Y., who found his trouble to be Urinary Calculi or Stones in the Bladder. The Doctor at once removed the foreign bodies with the knife and then gave his great Blood Specific, "Favorite Remedy," to prevent their reformation. The entire treatment was eminently successful, and Mr. Tietell's recovery was rapid and perfect.

While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in all Kidney and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of Bilious Disorders, Constipation of the Bowels, and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Try it. Your druggist has it, and its cost is only one dollar a bottle. The lucky man is he who puts this advice in practice. Don't forget the name and address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N.Y. The Doctor would have it understood that, while he is engaged in the introduction of his medicine, "Favorite Remedy," he still continues the practice of his profession, but confines himself exclusively to office practice. He treats all diseases of a chronic character, and performs all the minor and capital operations of surgery.

Our stock is fresh and new goods are arriving every week. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Goods. Men's, Boys' and Young Goods of all kinds and all good varied, all which we shall be pleased to show you, whether you purchase or not. Also Men's, Boys' and Children's

HATS, CAPS AND UMBRELLAS.

Call and examine for yourselves.

REPAIRING NEATLY & PROMPTLY DONE.

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ABEL LAWRENCE,

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Next door to Hill & Gott, and opposite Arlington House. Trunks and Valises repaired. New work of every description in the best manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

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Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,

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AND

BLACKSMITH.

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Particular attention paid to

HORSES & SHOEING.

Horseshoes already finished and in course of making.

<h

Three Shadows.

I looked and saw your eyes
In the shadow of your hair,
As a traveler sees the stream
In the shadow of the wood;
And I said: "My faint heart sighs,
Ah, me! to linger there,
To drink deep and to dream
In that sweet solitude."

I looked and saw your heart
In the shadow of your eyes,
As a seeker sees the gold
In the shadow of the stream;
And I said: "Ah, me! what art
Should win the immortal prize,
Whose want must make life cold
And heaven a hollow dream?"

I looked and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;
And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart—
"Ah! you can love, true girl,
And is your love for me?"

—Rossetti.

AN EAST BLOW.

The summer hotel among the mountains was almost deserted. Half a dozen of the late-staying guests were gathered in the little parlor for their last evening. A high September wind turned their thoughts to the desolation of the winter months in the White Hills. Maud Wellington, always a leader in talk and action, called to the landlord:

"Come here, please, Mr. Little; tell us how you ever live here through the winter?"

"Wa'al, you jest come up here and try one of our east blows! I tell you, you don't know anything about the mountings. You only come up here when it's warm and nice, and Mr. George he drives his team around, what d'ye call it?"

"Tandem!" suggested George.

"Yes, tantrum; and he takes you girls to drive, and it's all very pretty. Jest let him be here in the winter, and he'd drive tantrum, sure enough."

"Wouldn't it be fun?" asked Maud.

"Would you really take in if we came up next winter?"

"I guess most likely I could. You'd have to kinder put up with things, though. I'd be real glad to see you, now; the winter's awful lonely!"

"I am in earnest, and I will come if the rest will. I think it would be jolly," said Maud.

"Yes, quite too awfully ghastly jolly," murmured her brother George, whose slang was overwhelming.

The others all promised they would join her if she formed a party, and the next morning they separated and forgot all about the plan and the promise, as people do.

It was late in December. The holidays were approaching. Maud Wellington was restless and dissatisfied. The season had been very disappointing. Everybody was dull and stupid; Germans were tiresome, diners more so, and she was tired of Boston and every one in it. And all this was because a certain Thomas Sedgwick Thornton had not appeared in the city as she had expected. It was none the less true because she would have denied it, and that she had always laughed at him, and professed to hold him in the most perfect contempt. She knew perfectly well that he was a hard working lawyer in New York with little time for holiday making, but she was quite unreasonable enough to think that such trifles as business made no difference. He ought to have admired her enough to have made any sacrifices, and made haste to continue the summer's acquaintance. It made no difference to her, also, that there were many others as assiduous in their devotion as he was remiss. He was the Morehead at the gate, and she was unhappy. The wind howling round the corner of the house took her thoughts back to the last evening in the mountains, and a sudden resolve made her spring to her feet.

"Mother," she cried, rushing into the warm library, where her mother sat dozing before the fire, "I have made up my mind. We will go up to the mountains and see how they look with the snow on them."

"You crazy girl! we won't do anything of the sort."

Mrs. Wellington always made a point of seeming to oppose her daughter's plans, but she always did just what her children told her to do. Maud waited no words in entreaty, but coolly told her that she must go, without any more ado.

With Maud to decide was to act. George was delighted with the prospect of such a "lark," he had not known what to do with the holidays. Notes were immediately sent to those who had been with them when the proposition was made, and to several others who might be congenial spirits. When they had written nearly all Maud said, with perfect carelessness:

"I suppose you will have to write to that Mr. Thornton. I don't think he would add much to the general hilarity, but I am afraid it wouldn't do to leave him out and ask all the rest who were there."

"Right you are!" said George. "I'll send an invite to the old duffer; he's not half a bad fellow, after all. Of course he won't put in an appearance."

But it is the impossible which happens. For some occult reason Mr. Thornton chose to join this wild expedition, and presented himself at the appointed time at the rendezvous. With the exception of himself and poor Mrs. Wellington, who looked already victimized, it was as gay a party as Boston could furnish.

As usual, it was Maud who was leader and prime favorite. But she was admirably seconded by three of her friends, only a little less brilliant and daring than she. Then there were two or three society men who would have gone anywhere that Maud and her set proposed.

Little did they care for the grandeur of mountain scenery in its severe winter dress, but the trip promised much fun and unlooked-for opportunities of carrying out certain intentions. Last and

noisiest of all came George Wellington, a Harvard Sophomore, with an equally reckless and hair-brained classmate, whom the ladies alternately petted, snubbed and used as foils in their most serious schemes.

Mr. Thornton felt out of his element, as he had done so many times during the summer. He was not keyed to the same pitch of high spirits and unceasing gayety. He was grave, quiet—a man who was terribly in earnest about everything he did. From the first moment that he saw her he became fascinated with Maud, against his will and better judgment. Her beauty, wit, caprices, would not let themselves be forgotten. He was angry with her, he heartily disapproved of her a dozen times a day, and then, when he was most indignant with her, he discovered that he loved her with a love which he could not reason away nor live down. He was more bitterly enraged with her than ever to-day, as the cars rapidly bore them toward the mountains. He cursed himself and his folly in having joined them. No one seemed to want him. Maud, with her usual perverseness, had given him a careless greeting, and turned away to lavish her brightest smiles and merriest speeches on Gilbert Livingston, a man whom he cordially hated and despised. Mrs. Wellington alone seemed to need him. She was nervous, weak and timid, dreading the journey, and unable to control her children's madness, so she clung to Thornton with instinctive trust in his sober strength. He never dreamed, being blind as men are, that Maud saw every motion that he made, that she had so placed herself as to hear every word he spoke. He only saw, with wrath and shame, that she was flirting openly, desperately, with that soulless, brainless Livingston.

But even Thornton shook off his gloom when they came among the hills. The highest peaks were white with snow, reflecting the setting sun with dazzling brilliancy against the marvellous blue of the sky. It was very cold, but clear and still, when they left the cars for their drive of a few miles. Mr. Little met them with his six-horse stage; the wind had not left enough snow on the rising ground for sleighing, to Maud's regret. It was an exhilarating drive. The clear air made each inhalation an increasing joy. The laughter and the sweet, ringing voices of the girls no longer jarred upon him; he was a boy himself, and startled them by his wit and gayety. Maud was delighted. She warmed toward him, and left poor Livingston shivering out of the sunlight of her favor. It was all going to be a perfect success, she thought, and blessed herself for the inspiration.

The hotel, when they reached it, after the stars had come out superbly in the clear air, looked as if prepared for a siege. It was closed, except a few rooms on the ground floor of the west and south sides. On the north and east every blind was securely fastened. "Have you had an east blow yet?" asked Maud, as they dashed up to the door.

"No, miss; not yet," said the landlord. "I guess we will be pretty quick, though. The mountings he kinder looked like it all day."

"I hope it will come. I should consider our whole trip a failure if it doesn't."

Mr. Little shook his head and smiled doubtfully. "I guess when you've seed one you won't be likely to want to see another very quick."

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring as yet. It was this stillness that roused the forebodings of the landlord. His guests had a magnificent walk, they said; they climbed part way up Starr King and had a view hundred times more superb than they had ever imagined it could be. It had been hard work climbing over the slippery rocks, and they came back to the house delightedly tired and in undiminished spirits. The general hilarity flagged not during the cozy evening round the huge, open fire, and one and all pronounced their satisfaction and delight—all except Mrs. Wellington, who had not stirred from the fire all day, and who grew more and more nervous as the talk about the expected east blow continued.

In the morning Mr. Little's predictions were verified. The city people's ears were startled by what he had often described as the "roaring of the mountings." This strange, steadily increasing roar, which seemed so inexplicable, filled some with alarm, some with most enjoyable excitement. Mr. Little called them to see the "churnings of the clouds up the chasm," and, looking, they forgot to smile, because he pronounced the *ah* of the last word as he did in the first. It was a sight not to be forgotten, a grand, terrible sight, as the angry clouds came up, rolling over and over, as it seemed, through the gap which opened out toward the east.

Within the house there were hurried preparations. Mrs. Little and her sons went about making everything as fast as possible, while her husband and the two men went to the barns to give the cattle and horses food and water to last them till the storm had passed; for when it had reached its height, neither man nor beast could stand against it. Thornton, George, and his classmate prepared to go down to the barn and help them, for the time seemed very short. Every moment the tempest increased in violence. Quick as thought Maud wrapped herself in her fur cloak, and said she would go with them. Her mother was so distressed that she caught Thornton's look of disapproval and disgust, she thought, and then nothing could have prevented her. Seizing her brother's hand she rushed out of the house. The barns were west of the hotel, some little distance down the hill. The wind carried them on as if they were straws, and drove them breathless against the building. Maud had never dreamed of its force. When they were inside the barn, and the door had been closed with difficulty, Thornton said to her, very sternly:

"This is perfect folly. If you do not get back to the house instantly you will not be able to go at all."

Mr. Little said the same; the storm

roared so they could scarcely hear each other even then. Maud was bitterly ashamed of her folly, but not one whit afraid. Even Thornton could not help admiring even while he blamed her. He asked Little to take her and "the boys" back to the house. He himself, being strong and large, would stay and help the men. It was the best plan. The four had a hard fight to return. The four kept each other's hands, one keeping behind the other as much as possible, they struggled up the hill. Once they fell flat to the earth, but regaining their feet after a moment they toiled on and reached the protection of the house. Little said he had never seen the "blow come on so fast." There was no use in his trying to go back to the barn; the men would do what was necessary, and his strength was half used up in his efforts already. After Maud had regained her breath she went to the window, and would not stir or speak. Her eyes were fixed on the barns. The others gathered round the fire in awed silence. The terror of the storm was upon them. It seemed as if nothing could stand against its violence. Mrs. Wellington was nearly fainting with fright. She was certain that the house would go. Once Maud turned and said, in a strained, hard voice,

"Mr. Little, how long does this sort of thing generally last?"

"Wa'al, it begins about noon to be the worst, and it keeps it up till next morning."

"Ought not the men to come up pretty soon?" she asked again, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Oh yes, they'll be up directly, I guess."

But they did not come. Once Maud saw three figures creep around the partially sheltered side of the building, but when they reached its front they were struck down, and she saw them crawl on their hands and knees back to the sheds. The full horror of the circumstance struck her. Calling Mr. Little she told him what she had seen.

"Then they must stay there till it is over!" she said, in a low, unnatural voice.

"I'm afraid so," he answered, anxiously.

"Do try to help them," she pleaded, so earnestly that the men all resolved to try, though it was of so little use. Taking a rope Little tied all the volunteers firmly together; even the "howling swell," Livingston, as George called him, offered to help. When all were ready they crept along the western side of the house with little difficulty. But when they reached the corner they went down like planks. They tried again and again, and then came back into the house tired and exhausted.

The short afternoon had passed; the early darkness made the terror of the storm more awful. Maud still strained her eyes through the deepening gloom. The storm at that moment was at its height. Clutching the window frame tightly with her fingers she pressed her dilated eyes against the pane, and saw with speechless horror the roof of the large barn swept off as if it had been paper. It was all the more terrible because not a sound of the falling timbers could be heard above the ceaseless roaring of the wind.

It was an awful night. No one thought of sleeping. They clustered together about the fire in silent terror. From time to time Mr. Little spoke reassuringly. There was no danger for themselves, he said; the house was

firmly built; large beams passed diagonally from floor to ceiling through the partition walls; it was not possible that they could give way. But the awed hearts were not easily assured. Maud alone had no thoughts for herself or the safety of the house. She had seen the roofless barn, and she strove to picture the fate of Thornton and the two men with him, without food, without fire, with no roof to shelter them, and perhaps crushed by the falling timbers. The general hilarity flagged not during the cozy evening round the huge, open fire, and one and all pronounced their satisfaction and delight—all except Mrs. Wellington, who had not stirred from the fire all day, and who grew more and more nervous as the talk about the expected east blow continued.

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they had reached the city he had learned of the agony which the night's suspense had been to Maud, and she had acknowledged her love for him in answer to the passionate entreaty of his devotion to her. And this was the work of an East Blow. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The elasticity of toughened glass is more than double that of ordinary glass, and the former bends much more readily than the latter.

Four kinds of filling are used in dentistry—gold, amalgam, basic salts of zinc and gutta percha. Others of minor importance are used occasionally.

Gum cotton has the great advantage over dynamite that it does not freeze and therefore needs no thawing out, a point appreciated in cold climates.

In the case of a hen poisoned with phosphorus, the digestive organs were found luminous on the twenty-third day after death, and phosphorus was readily detected.

It is proposed to soak the edges and seams of carpets with an effusion of Cayenne pepper and strichnine, one-quarter pound of pepper and two drachms strichnine powder to a gallon of water—for the benefit of the carpet beetle.

A brain, preserved and metallized, has been presented to the French Academy of Medicine. It was kept in alcohol for a month, then plunged into a solution of nitrate of silver, transferred to a case of sulphured hydrogen and then exposed to the air.

The manner in which various butterflies break through the shell of the cocoon is very interesting. Some drop a minute portion of liquid from the mouth, which softens the shell; others exude acid, and others still pierce the shell by means of protuberances with which their foreheads are furnished.

A well-known German manufacturer of mica wares, Herr Raphael, of Breslau, now makes mica masks for the face which are quite transparent, very light and affected neither by heat nor by acids. They afford good protection to all workmen who are liable to be injured by heat, dust or noxious vapors; all workers with fire, metal and glass melters, stone masons, etc. In all kinds of grinding and polishing work the flying fragments rebound from the arched mica plates of the mask without injuring them.

The register in deeds of Bay City, Mich., stepped out of his room a minute, leaving his heavy glass inkstand on the table. When he returned he found the inkstand split in two in the middle, though no person had been in the room. He wants the scientists to explain this phenomenon. The accident is not a very rare one. When glass, or any metal, is melted and cast in a thick mass, the outside cools first, and in cooling shrinks, thus producing a severe strain upon its particles. Then the inside cools and shrinks away from the outside, producing another counterstrain. The tendency of these strains is to produce a split. When a mass of glass or metal which is under such a strain is warmed by the sun or a current of warm air, more upon one side than the other, the outside of that side expands and produces an additional strain which may cause it to fly to pieces. These are the causes why glass chimney break, and these are the reasons which scientists would give for the Bay City phenomenon.

Anesthetics.

Dr. John G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, recently read an interesting paper before the New York Medico-Legal Society on "Anesthetics." The following are some of the points of the doctor's statements:

Should a patient die from chloroform inhaled in a sitting position in a dentist's chair it could no longer be urged in behalf of the surgeon, whose patient had been chloroformed out of existence, as it was successfully argued in behalf of the young Parisian surgeon in 1853, who had been imprisoned for the death of a patient under chloroform, on whom he was operating without assistance, that there was no fixed rules for the administration of chloroform. The English chloroform committee appointed by the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society laid down in 1864 the rule that anesthetics should always be given in the recumbent position and never in the erect position. The reason of this rule is evident. In natural respiration the rising and falling of the ribs is produced by the intercostal muscles, and the respiration is called thoracic. As the patient comes under the influence of the anesthetic, these intercostal muscles become paralyzed and cease their action. The respiration is then kept up by the action of the diaphragm or abdominal respiration. Those who have seen much of the patients under the influence of anesthetics in our large hospitals must have noticed how quickly a patient stopped breathing at this stage if an assistant pressed against the abdomen, to watch the operation or to pass an instrument. Now, as soon as the patient comes fully under the influence of an anesthetic, she slips down in the dentist's chair. The weight of the upper portion of the body is compressing the abdomen—preventing the diaphragm from acting. I think, with the present knowledge of anesthetics, that a surgeon who should administer chloroform to a patient in the erect position in the dentist's chair, with her clothes tight around her waist, and the patient should die, he would justly be held for manslaughter. During the early ages of anesthetics the knowledge of the profession was only experimental. That age has passed. The most distinguished men in the profession, as long ago as 1864, published this rule and the reasons for it. Subsequent experimentation has demonstrated the justice of it. It has been adopted by all our modern writers on the subject. The courts have held over and over again that a physician must practice according to the well-known rules of the profession, and if he departs from them it is at his peril.

Labor on a Sandwich Island Plantation.

A letter from the Sandwich Islands gives this interesting account of life on the plantations there: In the field and at the mill hands work lazily, talking and laughing among themselves, looking healthy, cheerful and contented and on the best terms with the planters and overseers. The work is what any boy or girl fifteen years old could perform, but the boys and girls must go to school. No matter how far the cane-field may be from their houses, laborers are not required to start any earlier in the morning, and they reach home just as soon in the evening. The hardest work is hoeing, and that consists of only turning a light, sandy soil, and they themselves say they are never hurried against their will.

The method adopted by a manager to get a good day's work out of them is to go among them and talk freely, allowing them opportunities of showing their wit, and then pit one gang against another. The native is particularly susceptible to this treatment. Natives usually reshore; Chinese never do, but they haunt a plantation after the expiration of their contract, gambling with the hands, selling them smuggled opium and liquor. The native, like the child that he is, gives them all he earns in exchange for liquor which he cannot resist. Contracts which are usually for one to three years, call for ten hours' work per day, but the days they work so long are few and far between. At the Koloa mill they were grinding from 1 o'clock in the morning till 5 in the evening, with a separate gang for night and day, making eight and a half hours all told, including the dinner hour.

Hands employed at feeding the rollers knocked off shortly after 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This is one of the oldest plantations in the kingdom, and never has had any trouble with its men.

Two Hands.

A little hand, a fair, soft hand,
Dimpled and sweet to kiss;
No sculptor ever carved from stone
A lovelier hand than this.
A hand as idle as white
As lies on their stems;
Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,
Dazzling with crusted gems.
Another hand—tired, old hand,
Written with many lines;
A faithful, weary hand; when on
The pearl of great price shines;
For folded, as the winged dry
Sleeps in the chrysalis;
Within this little pain I see
That lovelier hand than this.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Who ever saw a woman use a hammer to drive a tack when a flat-iron was handy?—*Rochester Express*.

It may be right occasionally to take a bullet by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bullet.

President Arthur is appointing chiefly tall men to office. He is right. The American people want officials whom they can look up to.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Tommy don't like fat meat. One day the steak was very fat. "Tommy," asked the professor, "will you have some beefsteak?" "Yes, sir; but I don't want any that has pork all round it."

Eight out of every ten men in this county will do more hard work to trace back the pedigree of a horse or a dog than to establish the fact that they were related to the most noble king of Europe.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Cleveland man was robbed in broad daylight, and the *Leader* spoke of it as an untimely proceeding. But if a man is to be robbed it does not make any difference to him whether it be done in daylight or dark?—*Saturday Night*.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

He slipped quietly in at the door, but, catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Bulletin*.

"The Best Liver Drops," is the title of an advertisement in the daily and weekly. We don't consider our liver one of the best in the market, but it has never dropped, to the best of our knowledge and belief. We fear some advertisements don't tell the truth.—*The Judge*.

"You must not smoke in this car," said an Austin avenue car-driver to Gilhooly, who was the only occupant of the car. "Why can't I smoke? I am the only person in the car." "It don't make any difference. Even when there is nobody in the car smoking is not allowed."—*Texas Siftings*.

When little Belle was two years old she used to admire the full moon very much; but when her aunt pointed out the new moon she exclaimed, in the most distressed tone, "Oh, 'tis broken! 'tis broken!" Johnny, who was just learning to talk, being asked if he saw the new moon, said: "Yes, I see the ring of it."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended. And how I remember, so distant and dim, the red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended.

And carefully put on the bench under him! And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

Feet and Foot Wear.

A Lynn (Mass.) letter says: As by common consent the ladies are considered the best judges of taste, it is but natural that we select for comparison ladies' foot wear. In New England the shape of the foot is rather flat, broad, and a medium instep. The style of boot worn is of neat, modest appearance, with a broad flat heel. The vamp is cut plain, the top of the boot is a plain curve, and a black boot is invariably stitched with black. Congress and lace boots have a limited sale, but a button is a favorite. Leather shoes shoes are most demanded, being judged more serviceable and better adapted for all kinds of weather. The principal features sought in New England are comfort, service, an agreeable neatness—characteristics unconsciously adopted from the surroundings of every-day life. The shape of New York feet differs little from New England. They require boot a trifle narrower, flatter across the toes and higher at the instep. Your New York consumers demand style and fit. They want the vamp cut lower and longer, a heel higher but well-proportioned, and ask a general attention to pretty outline. They, too, choose a button boot, preferring for material leather of the lighter grades. New York manufacturers manufacture largely for the home trade, and a large proportion of their products are sold in New York State.

Philadelphians are very slow to make a change or adopt new styles by calling for scallops on the vamps and occasionally stitching with white or black material. They also want bright, dry, finished stock, in distinction from a finish that is dull and pliable. There is also demand for cloth shoes, or cloth top with leather vamp and heel piece, known as "foxed" shoes. The extremities of style are seldom worn in Philadelphia, and the demand is free from any very marked peculiarities. Baltimore people are hard to suit, but, once suited, hold to a given style for a long time. They want a shoe handsome in outline and finish, a scalloped vamp and often scallops at the top of the boot. The foot is longer or narrower in the hollow of the foot, and needs to be fitted tight to the last. From Baltimore, too, comes a demand for large sizes, often as high as number nine, which is large for a lady's shoe. These, of course, are for use on Southern plantations, and in this market shoes are worn from the narrowest to the widest.

The distinctively Southern foot is narrow in the hollow of the foot and widens at the ball. The shoes worn are the fanciest of all in style, finish and pattern. Tops are scalloped, vamps are scalloped. Materials are used of the brightest finishes. Facings are of lively colors. White stitching is often seen on black material. Often, too, a flower, leaf, or some less precise ornamentation, traced with white or colored stitching, relieves the plainness of the material. Until recently lace boots have been preferred to buttons, and a neat bow is often worn at the bottom of the lace. The Western people want a good, full shoe and lots of room in it, except in Cincinnati and St. Louis, where the tendency is more Southern. A rough climate needs starch shoes, and more leather is really a greater necessity than to any other class of wearers.

Owned to His Record.

The editor was sitting in his revolving cane bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the statement that he had swindled an orphan out of \$4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly.

"My record'll compare favorably with yours," said the Terror, with a sneer; "perhaps there are a few little back rockets in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investigation."

"Oh, sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I have stood for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of innocent citizens of Omaha over a paltry four-dollar pot, simply because I got excited. Oh, good I'm glad the bones of the men I have placed in my maw I would be happy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked, and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but it's mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you have me. Don't leave stranger; I'll tell you all: I saved a man's head off with an old army saber just for—"

The Texas Terror was downstairs and half-way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattlesnake twist, continued his peaceful avocations as quietly as a law-abiding citizen.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

The Babylon [L. L.] South Side Signal quotes from a Missouri paper Mr. Wm. E. Quinal, Crystal City, Mo., suffered occasionally from rheumatic pains in his knees, for which he successfully tried St. Louis Gillett's Liver Syrup.

The Mountain of the Lord is a solid rock, 100 feet in height, rising above the street level at Manti, Utah. The Mormons are building on this eminence a temple of fine marble, 95 feet by 170 in area, and handsomely adorned.

The Milwaukee [Wis.] Evening Wisconsin says: "In all our experience we have never heard of so many favorable reports from all over the country concerning St. Jacob's Cough Syrup."

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a pine cone, but it always reminds us to look after our bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, our old standby in the days of coughs and colds, for we have always found it reliable.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Met Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the *Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle*: Sir—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statement which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most terrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded.

It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against perishing it are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I have always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indistinct pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times nautical, pain in my head, but, as it would come and go, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disengaged by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-prensoratory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the school, I cheeredly professed both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudices and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it tickled me; but, as I thought it was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition, I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food on my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improvement that, upon what I believed a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost utter hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds, in flesh became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I had.

Astronomical: "Isn't the moon beautiful this evening?" said Alonzo, as he snuggled his arm just as close upon her as he could. "Yes, but I know another moon that is perfectly ecstatic in its loveliness." "Do you? What moon is that, ducky?" "It's the honeymoon, Alonzo, and don't you think it is about time for us to have one?" The cards are out.—*New Haven Register*.

Straw for Fuel.

The Americans burn money, we burn straw," says the Mennonite settler. How they keep warm in winter and cook the year round with no other fuel than loose straw, is a mystery to the average American. The Mennonite emigrant, when choosing a locality, is quite unconcerned at the total absence of timber, and will settle many miles from wood or coal with indifference as to the fuel question, in localities where an American would never think of making a farm. He sees fuel for the first year in the miles of grass about him; the second and succeeding years he will have the straw from his crops, and straw stacks are his favorite substitutes for the wood-pile and the coal-bin. We first saw straw in use for fuel at the house of a Russian Mennonite bishop in the colony of McPherson county, Kansas. Dinner for four of us was to be prepared. A vigorous young Mennonite girl vanished with a bushel basket and returned with it full of loose straw, then placing her kettle, etc., on the top of the cook range, opened the fire-door, and thrust in two large handfuls of straw, lit the match, closed the door, and the kettle commenced singing almost immediately; in about two minutes the door was again opened, and two more handfuls of straw were thrust in and the door closed. Our dinner consisted of ham, eggs, potatoes, beans, waffles and excellent coffee, all cooked in less time than an ordinary stove could have been made "hot for biscuits." The fire was "dead out" before the dinner was half consumed, and the house none the warmer for the day, the surplus heat all escaping through the broad chimney.—*American Agriculturist*.

The Babylon [L. L.] South Side Signal quotes from a Missouri paper Mr. Wm. E. Quinal, Crystal City, Mo., suffered occasionally from rheumatic pains in his knees, for which he successfully tried St. Louis Gillett's Liver Syrup.

The Mountain of the Lord is a solid rock, 100 feet in height, rising above the street level at Manti, Utah. The Mormons are building on this eminence a temple of fine marble, 95 feet by 170 in area, and handsomely adorned.

The Milwaukee [Wis.] Evening Wisconsin says: "In all our experience we have never heard of so many favorable reports from all over the country concerning St. Jacob's Cough Syrup."

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a pine cone, but it always reminds us to look after our bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, our old standby in the days of coughs and colds, for we have always found it reliable.

welfare of those who may possibly be suffered, such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 30, 1881.

New York Newspaper at Night.

"Hermit," the New York correspondent of the *Troy Times*, writes: The morning papers do much of their work at night, and few more active scenes can be found than at one of these establishments. Stand, for instance, in the business room of the *Herald* and see the hurried groups of advertisers who are rushing their slips in so as not to lose the next issue. Many of these people have just got through their day's work, and improve this chance of making their wants known to the world.

Here are clerks and porters looking up situations, contrasted with cooks and housemaids who are offering their services to the public. Here is a delicate-looking lass, who with a modest blush hands in an advertisement, asking for a place, perhaps to tend baby. Her history is that common one in city life of poverty driving families once rich and exalted to seek bread by hard labor. Such misfortune is illustrated by the painful history of sewing girls, music teachers, governesses, etc., which one can readily understand when reading the advertising column. Here, too, is some finical youth inserting a "personal" to some girl he has met, who will probably never see the advertisement, while he will wait day after day, vainly expecting an answer.

In the vault beneath the mighty engine is resting from its labors, having just worked off one side of the paper, and is being prepared for the labors of the night. The engineer is giving it a thorough examination. Its machinery must be in perfect order, for a breakdown at midnight would be a costly damage. Go up to the second story where editors and reporters are hard at work preparing matter, and every little while jerking the bell and sending "copy" up the elevator to the composing-room. These men will be on duty until after midnight, and such work as this tells upon the system in the most exhausting manner. Ah, little does the reader, as he looks over a newly-printed sheet, dare to think of the toil and trouble that went into it. We may ascend still higher to the "composing-room," where the types are set and the paper got ready for the press. Here the press, think of the close and trying effort of combined intellects, poorly paid and worked hard, and the sacrifice of health and comfort which gave it existence. Ah, we may ascend still higher to the "pressing-room," where the types are set and the paper got ready for the press. Here the press, think of the close and trying effort of combined intellects, poorly paid and worked hard, and the sacrifice of health and comfort which gave it existence. Ah, we may ascend still higher to the "pressing-room," where the types are set and the paper got ready for the press. Here the press, think of the close and trying effort of combined intellects, poorly paid and worked hard, and the sacrifice of health and comfort which gave it existence. Ah, we may ascend still higher to the "pressing-room," where the types are set and the paper got ready for the press. 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The Baptist church in Weston, upon which extensive and expensive alterations and improvements have been made during the past year, greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the society, was re-dedicated with appropriate services last Thursday afternoon. Among those who participated in the exercises, were the Rev. J. V. Stratton of this town, Rev. C. H. Watson, A. J. Gordon, D. D., Alvah Hovey, D. D., and the pastor of the church, Rev. Amos Harris, who is to be congratulated upon the present prosperous condition of his society and their improved place of worship. In the evening a reunion of the past and present members of the society was held and enjoyed, the exercises consisting of singing, addresses by prominent gentlemen, etc. A feature of both occasions was the singing of the Arion (male) Quartette, which was much enjoyed.—*Waltham Record.*

A petition has been presented to the General Court for an extension of the charter of the Mystic Valley R. R. and if the same is granted, of which there can be no doubt, responsible parties stand ready to take hold and build the road forthwith. Petitions for the extension will be in circulation in this town within a day or two, which ought to be signed by everybody, and doubtless will be. Besides which a delegation of prominent citizens will appear before the Legislative Committee in behalf of the object at the proper time.—*Woburn Journal.*

An old dancing master thinks that the modern mode of dancing as seen at public halls and Long Branch hotel, is most inelegant, ill-bred, immodest and unnecessary. A lady who dances well and gracefully maintains her independence of motion and a perfect balance. The moment she becomes a clinging vine and allows her head to rest on a man's shoulder and his arm to embrace instead of support her she shows not only a shocking lack of refinement but of good dancing, and impedes her partner's movements as well as her own.—*Charlestown News.*

Not to grow is to die. This is as true of municipalities as of individuals. A community in which public spirit has come to a halt, and the forces of progress are no longer aggressive, is on the down-hill side of its career.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Jennie Collins speaks of girls that do "general house-work" whose life is a perpetual drudgery, with pay barely sufficient to keep life in their bodies. Where do such girls work? Not in this country, we imagine. The average house-work girl gets pretty good pay, pretty easy work and considerable leisure time. Such is the opinion, at all events, of those who hire them.—*Cambridge Press.*

We do not agree with the newspaper which held up the members of the Massachusetts House to ridicule because they have voted to have a formal dinner. The dinner will not be at the public expense and the public will be in no way responsible for it. Why should not legislators have the same right as other citizens to eat a square meal, as long as they pay for it?—*Medford Mercury.*

J. W. Clarke, editor of the Traveller, writing from Washington, says:—"Mr. Bowman appears again on the Committee on Claims, and is one of those steady, hard-working members, who makes it a point to attend every meeting, and whose legal experience makes him invaluable to his colleagues in taking and sifting the masses of testimony which are necessarily taken by this committee. His skillful hand is seen in the carefully-prepared reports of this committee, and in arguing for their adoption on the floor, he is positively perfect. He is also on the Committee on Public Health, a committee of more than usual importance at this time. It would be well, now, that our friends in the committee would be more

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ably no member of the entire delegation is more heavily burdened with requests of constituents for his always cheerfully-rendered assistance than is Mr. Bowman."

The Winchester nose, like those of her neighbors, has failed to find anything conductive to health or happiness in the sewer stench. The action of that town is simply in the nature of self-defence. We are told that Winchester people are determined to act with Boston to only the extent of securing for the city the right to sink the "purifying" basins in the most convenient places. This would take them out of Winchester, and thus that town would escape the unpleasant odor. We do not know that this action will weaken the case of Medford, except that it divides, for the moment, the opposition to Boston.—*Medford Mercury.*

The next re-union of the Red Ribbon Reform Clubs of this state, will be held with the Wakefield Reform Club in Reynolds' Hall, Friday, Feb. 10. Mass meeting in the town Hall at 7.30 p. m. Dr. Henry A. Reynolds will attend and a grand time may be expected.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Every man who appears before the public as speaker, writer, artist or inventor lays himself open to criticism, whether wise or foolish. The preacher who expects to be exempt from criticism or who worries himself needlessly about it, is a monkey who will never accomplish much good. Some of the best preachers do not even care to hear what the critics say about them. They take it for granted that they will be criticised, both by friends and by foes. Their safe plan is to do their level best and trust God for the results.—*Philadelphia Times.*

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—The present Congress, from appearances, is to be unlike many of those in the past. There is an air of business and an appreciation of the wants of the people, that permeates the entire atmosphere of the Capitol. It is so far away from the next presidential election, that no party can safely make any moves on the political chess-board in that direction. The tariff question will be fairly considered and wisely treated. No rash legislation may be expected to disturb our present banking system, and the hold it has upon the affections of the American people.

That something will be done to tone up and resuscitate our dying shipping interests, there is little doubt. The three cent funding bill will be passed, with a possible check upon the too rapid payment of the public debt, by diminishing the Treasury reserve. There is a growing sentiment among the wisest statesmen and financiers, that the debt should never be reduced below \$1,000,000,000, and this should be put in permanent 3 per cent. consols, and made the basis of the nation's banking capital. Without a debt and government securities, banking would necessarily be done on individual or State securities, a relic of years before, which this country tried to the great loss of its people. A national debt is England's security, and a currency based upon our national securities, will unify and bind together both the country and people, when there shall be untold millions of inhabitants.

Scoville has allowed his seal in behalf of Gutten to warp and distort his judgment, and he may thank his stars that he is living under this benign government. Had his attack been made upon some foreign potentate instead of President Arthur, he would, ore this, be looking through the bars in some dungeon cell. If it were possible to weaken the case of the defense, Mr. Scoville has done so by his absurd attempt to put the characters of the president and other honored citizens, in the dock alongside the assassin.

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